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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

EIGHTEEN

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The BOYS™

EIGHTEEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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MOTEL

FIRST YOU LEAVE IT TURNED OFF AN' THEN YOU FORGET THE BLOODY THING? *HUGHIE...!*

SORRY! YOU GO ON, I'LL GET THE TRAIN! SORRY!

SHITE...

'LO AGAIN, MISTER POTAMUS!

SEE THAT CRAZY MUTHAFUCKA?

CAN'T STOP, I'M SORRY!

FUCKARAMA

MUTHAFUCKA'S CRAZY.

JUST ME, JAMIE! HERE, WHAT'S THE--

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

conclusion

SO WHAT DOES THAT SHIT MEAN, EXACTLY? MANAGEMENT?

WHAT IT SAYS ON THE SIDE A' THE TIN, I S'POSE. CARRY ON KEEPIN' 'EM IN LINE. STATUS QUO.

JOB WE SIGNED UP FOR, N'OTHER WORDS.

WELL, WE'VE GOT ENOUGH SHIT ON THE SEVEN AN' PAYBACK TO STOP 'EM GETTIN' AMBITIOUS. G-MEN AN' THE SMALL FRY, THE REPUTATION'S PROBABLY ENOUGH.

WHICH IS NOT TO SAY THERE WON'T BE A DICKHEAD OR TWO HAVEN'T GOT THE MESSAGE, IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE TO FLEX YOUR MUSCLES ON...

YEAH.

I JUST GOT THAT THING I ALWAYS GET AFTER I SEE MOMMA. LIKE I WANNA FUCK SOMEBODY UP BAD, YOU KNOW?

IT'LL PASS.

I KNOW.

HOW 'BOUT YOU, HOW YOU DOIN' WIT' THIS? I MEAN RAYNER WANTS 'EM MANAGED, YOU AIN'T USUALLY HAPPY 'LESS YOU STIRRIN' THE POT SOME WAY OR OTHER-- HOW YOU GONNA GET THAT SHIT IN LINE?

YOU KNOW ME, MATE. DON'T WANNA ROCK THE BOAT.

NO *I* IN TEAM, AIN'T THAT THE WAY THEY SAY IT?

UH-HUH.

LEFT LANE MUST TURN LEFT

TAXI

1750

UUHHHHH...?

UH--

AH--

WH-WH-WHAT THE FUCK'RE YOU--HOW DID YOU--

OOOO...

OOOO...

OO KUHLLLLDD MEEEE...

WHAT? NO!

KUHLLLLDD MEEE...

NO-NO-NO, DON'T SAY THAT! DON'T!

WH...

WHHHYYYYY...?

I'M SORRY--!

PLEASE, I'M SORRY, DON'T--DON'T SAY THAT--!

NNNNNN...

I DIDN'T MEAN TO, I SWEAR TO GOD...!

I WAS SCARED AN' YOU WERE HURTIN' ME, I MEAN I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA KILL ME--I'M NO GOOD IN FIGHTS, I ALWAYS JUST FUCKIN' PANIC! AN' I JUST-- LASHED OUT!

I SWEAR TO FUCK I FEEL TERRIBLE, IT'S BEEN EATIN' AT ME EVER SINCE! I'VE HARDLY SLEPT, I *DREAM* ABOUT IT, I--I--

I'M SORRY. *PLEASE.*

I'M *SORRY...!*

UH?

UUUUUUUHHHH

JESUS, WHAT'RE YOU-- STOP--!

UUUUUUUHHH

FOR FUCK'S SAKE STOP IT, WILL YOU? LOOK AT YOU-- FUCK--

UUUUUUHHH

STOP PISSIN', YOU STUPID BASTARD...!

UH.

JESUS CHRIST.

THAT'S FUCKIN' CHARMIN', THAT IS. I MEAN THAT'S JUST WONDERFUL, THAT REALLY DOES SAY IT ALL.

AH... AH...

AH WANNND MAH *HAMZDAH* BAGGGK...

WHAT?

OH, GOD.

WHY?

WHY COULDN'T THE EARTH HAVE JUST...OPENED UP AND SWALLOWED ME, THERE AND THEN...

STILL, NOT A PROBLEM. YOU'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.

THE ONE GOOD PERSON IN YOUR LIFE, AND YOU CAN'T...POSSIBLY... ***EVER...***

SEE HIM AGAIN...

...HOMELANDER'S SENDING THE DEEP TO TALK TO THEM. BE INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT COMES OF THAT.

WHY THE DEEP?

BECAUSE IF HE WENT HIMSELF, HE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD ONTO HIS TEMPER.

AND THEN IT'S ALL BETS OFF.

WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THESE GUYS, ANYWAY? IS IT SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAMPLIGHTER?

BECAUSE EVERY TIME I ASK--

IT'S A VERY SCARY STORY. I'LL TELL YOU WHEN YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH.

WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO I SEE...

HUH? HEY!

HEY, WHERE THE FUCK'VE YOU BEEN?

QUEEN MAEVE ALREADY SPOKE TO ME ABOUT MISSING THE MEETING. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

OH, YOU THINK THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH, DO YOU?

DO YOU KNOW HOW PISSED THE HOMELANDER WAS? HAVING THE GUY FROM VOUGHT SITTING IN ON A MEETING OF THE *SIX?*

PLEASE, A-TRAIN, I'D RATHER NOT DO THIS--

TOO BAD, ***STARLIGHT!*** THIS IS VOUGHT-AMERICAN I'M TALKING ABOUT, THIS IS THE FUCKING ***MONEY!***

PLEASE...

AND WE *DON'T* FUCK AROUND IN FRONT OF THE--

DROP DEAD, NEEDLEDICK.

HA!

SHE WOULD KNOW, I SUPPOSE.

HA HA HA HA HA!!

...OH, NO.

I DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE THEM.

HEY!!

WAMAHAMA...

GET AWAY FROM HIM, YOU'RE NO' HAVIN' HIM! HE'S MINE!

WHAT?!

MYYYY... HERRBBIIEEE...

HE'S NO' CALLED HERBIE, HIS NAME'S JAMIE!

HERRRBIIEEE...

JAMIE! AN YOU USED TO KEEP HIM STUCK UP YOUR ARSE, THERE'S NO FUCKIN' WAY YOU'RE HAVIN' HIM! IT'S CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, SO IT IS!

HERRBIIIEEE...!

LISTEN TO ME: YOU ARE *NOT* LEAVIN' HERE WI' THAT HAMSTER.

HIS NAME'S JAMIE. HE'S WI' ME. AN' *YOU* CAN *FUCK OFF.*

WAMAHAMMA BAGGGKK...!

HERRRBBIIIIEEEE...!

HERE-- FUCKSAKE--!

AAACCCHHHH!!

AW, GET OFF ME! YOU FUCKIN' MINGIN' BASTARD! GET OFF!

NNUUHHHHHHH

SHITE!

AW, JESUS...!

AW, FUCK--!

AW, NO.

...THE **ANACONDA**, WHICH CAN REACH LENGTHS OF UP TO **FORTY FEET**--AND ACCORDING TO SOME EXPERTS, **EVEN BIGGER**...

ITS **HUGE COILS** CAN CRUSH THE **LIFE** FROM ITS **PREY** IN **SECONDS**--PREY THAT HAS INCLUDED... **HUMAN BEINGS**...

FRENCHIE, TURN THAT SHIT OFF, WILL YOU?

LAIT DE LA MERE! POURQUOI?

I JUST...I'M TRYNNA CONCENTRATE HERE, I GOT A LOTTA TAPE TO TRANSCRIBE...

MAIS C'EST *"NATURE'S TOP FIVE KILLING MACHINES"* SUR LE WONDER CHANNEL. LE PREFEREE DE LA FEMME.

I KNOW SHE DIGS IT, I--

I JUST DON'T WANNA BE THINKIN' ABOUT GIANT FUCKIN' SNAKES RIGHT N--*UHH*--

OH FUCK, FORGET IT--!

MORNIN', ALL-- JINGS!

YOU ALL RIGHT, M.M.?

UKK

UKK

WHEN WE COME BACK: AMAZING SLOW-MOTION FOOTAGE OF GREAT WHITE SHARKS ON THE ATTACK--AND ACCORDING TO SOME EXPERTS, THIS BIG FISH COULD BE GETTING EVEN BIGGER...

AUCUN PLUS DE SERPENTS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WI'...

MUST'VE BEEN SOMETHIN' HE ATE.

THAT ANYWHERE NEAR OVER, FRENCHIE? YOU GONNA WATCH SOMETHIN' ELSE?

SO NO' MUCH GOIN' ON TODAY, THEN?

NOT A LOT.

PAPERWORK.

JE NE METTRAI JAMAIS UN LIFEJACKET ENCORE...

SO I WAS WATCHIN' *C.S.I.* LAST NIGHT, YOU KNOW?

OH YEAH?

IT'S REALLY AMAZIN' THE STUFF THEY HAVE THESE DAYS, YOU KNOW, THAT THEY USE ON THE SHOW? I MEAN YOU WONDER HOW ANYONE GETS AWAY WI' ANYTHING NOWADAYS.

I MEAN--YOU KNOW--IF YOU HAD TO GET RID OF A BODY OR WHATEVER, I MEAN HOW WOULD YOU DO IT SO THAT THEY NEVER KNEW IT WAS YOU...?

IF I HAD TO DO IT? WAIT FOR IT...

AYE.

AN' I DIDN'T WANT THE LADS ON *C.S.I.* TO GET ME? ***WAIT*** FOR IT...!

AYE.

I'D PROBABLY STICK THE BOD IN AN OIL DRUM AN' SOAK IT IN ABOUT A GALLON A' PETROL--WHICH I'D REMEMBER TO CALL GAS 'COS I'D BE BUYIN' IT OFF A SEPTIC--AN' I'D CHUCK WHATEVER THE PETROL CAME IN ON TOP OF IT. THEN I'D LIGHT A MATCH.

KNOW WHAT ELSE I'D DO?

WHAT...?

BUY ME NEW GIRLFRIEND A CALENDAR.

OH, HA FUCKIN' HA!

YO, BUTCHER.

YEAH?

THE *HOMELANDER* KNOWS YOU INFORMED THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE V.P.'S VISIT. AND HIS INTENDED SPEECH.

HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE *DOING.*

AND IF THE *TRUCE* STILL *HOLDS.*

EH?

OH.

WELL IF HE REALLY WANTED TO KNOW HE'DA COME HIMSELF, WOULDN'T HE? 'STEADA SENDIN' A TIT LIKE YOU.

THAT REMINDS ME: DID THEY FIND ANY A' THE BUGS AFTER I MADE THE CALL TO MONKEY?

DON'T KNOW, I SHUT 'EM ALL DOWN. THEY WOULDA RUN A SWEEP RIGHT AWAY.

WELL, LEMME KNOW WHEN YOU SWITCH 'EM BACK ON...

AH, M'SIEUR CHARCUTER...!

--PREHISTORIC ANCESTOR AS LONG AS SIXTY FEET--AND WHO IS TO SAY, THAT SOMEWHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF--

WHAT IS IT, FRENCHIE?

YEAH, I HAVE BEEN, FRENCHIE. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT.

NON, NON, UH...LES ARCHIVES...

BEFORE WE STARTED UP AGAIN LAST YEAR. RECORDERS WERE RUNNIN' THE WHOLE TIME.

I REMEMBER, I HAVE THE SEVEN SURVEILLANCE NOW COMPLETE. YOU MAY WATCH AT ANY TIME.

OH, YEAH. BE UP TO ABOUT... WHEN WE HAD OUR POP AT THE KIX, WOULDN'T IT?

YEAH, I'LL HAVE TO GET ROUND TO LOOKIN' AT THAT.

SEE WHAT IT WAS THE DIRTY SODS WERE UP TO...

SHITE!

FUCK'S SAKE...!

COME ON...

BIT CLOSE, HUGHIE.

AAAAHH!

TOLD YOU.

JESUS...!

...I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

OR IF I SHOULD EVEN SAY ANYTHIN'.

I MEAN I KILLED YOU, AN'... YOU'RE GONE. I DIDN'T MEAN TO, BUT YOU WERE TRYNNA HURT ME OR KILL ME, AN' THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED.

TWICE.

WELL, YOU WERE A BIT OF A BAD LAD, BUT YOU HAD YOUR MATES AN' I'M SURE YOU LIKED YOUR BEVVY, AN'...

I'M SORRY.

AW FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, THIS IS *RIDICULOUS--!*

I MEAN WHAT AM I DOIN' HERE? BURNIN' YOU, STANDIN' OVER YOU LIKE YOU'RE DARTH FUCKIN' VADER OR SOMETHIN'?

YOU WERE AN ARSEHOLE! YOU WERE A FUCKIN' WANKER, WHY SHOULD I FEEL SORRY FOR THE LIKES O' YOU?

HHHH.

YOU MAY AS WELL COME ON OUT. I CAN HEAR YOU TRYIN' NOT TO LAUGH.

I'M SORRY, MATE, IT WAS WHEN YOU FELL ON YOUR ARSE...!

I KNOW.

IT'S JUST... IT WAS MY THING, AN' I WANTED TO DO IT MY WAY.

I WANTED TO END IT MY WAY.

I MEAN YOU WOULDN'T'VE SAID ANYTHIN', WOULD YOU? YOU'D'VE JUST SET HIM ON FIRE AN' FUCKED OFF.

YEAH...

AYE.

BUT IT'S ALL RIDICULOUS, IT ALWAYS JUST TURNS OUT DAFT. DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I TRY TO DO.

LIKE I MEET THIS LASSIE AN' SHE'S ABSOLUTELY SMASHIN', I REALLY FEEL LIKE I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHIN' GREAT IN MY LIFE--SOMETHIN' NORMAL PEOPLE HAVE, JUST TO ANCHOR ALL THIS FUCKIN' ***MADNESS...***

BUT WE ALL KNOW HOW THAT ONE TURNED OUT, DON'T WE...?

AN' THEN THIS FUCKIN' CUNT--EARLIER ON TODAY I'M TRYNNA *APOLOGISE* TO HIM, I MEAN I'M PRACTICALLY IN BITS, RIGHT? AN' YOU KNOW WHAT HE DOES? STARTS PISSIN'.

YOU'RE JOKIN'...

NOOO.

AW, I DUNNO.

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE, ANYWAY? I THOUGHT THE IDEA WAS I DID THIS ONE ON MY OWN.

AH, JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW YOU'D HANDLE IT.

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, ANYWAY.

HE WAS A CUNT.

BUT IF YOU WANNA TELL HIM YOU'RE SORRY, OR SAY ANYTHIN' ELSE TO HIM, YOU DO IT.

GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST AN' THAT. BE GOOD FOR YOU.

YOU DO THE JOB THE WAY YOU WANT TO, MATE.

SO: YOU OFF TO SEE THE LEGEND TOMORROW, FIND OUT ALL OUR DEEP, DARK SECRETS?

YOU *KNEW* ABOUT THAT...?

I KNOW EVERYTHIN', HUGHIE. AIN'T YOU TWIGGED THAT YET?

OI! TERROR!

SO WHO'S THIS BIRD YOU'VE BEEN SEEIN', THEN?

THE END